

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 24, 1938

WHO'S WHO

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY, Fordham professor and editor of the bi-monthly *Spain*, has just returned this week from a lengthy and untrammelled observation tour of Nationalist Spain. He was privileged to roam whither he would through town and countryside, and enjoyed the experience of being conducted to the battle-front, especially that salient pointing into Madrid. All is steady in Nationalist Spain, reports Dr. Connolly, and prospects are bright that the emerging regime under General Franco will dispense freedom and justice and prosperity to the citizens of the nation. An item of Dr. Connolly's itinerary was a visit to Lisbon, where he officially presented to Portugal's savior and Premier, Dr. Salazar, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred on him last June by Fordham University. . . . H. A. FROMMELT, before entering the field of consulting engineering this year, was head and professor of the Mechanical Engineering Department, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis. During the past ten years, particularly, he has been delivering lectures on the matter of industrial management. He has been a frequent contributor to technical journals, as well as a valued writer on general topics for the un-specialized periodicals. . . . JOHN ABBOT CLARK is a new and, we hope, future contributor. He is attached to the English faculty of the Liberal Arts Division, Michigan State College, East Lansing. . . . THOMAS BUTLER is another professor who teaches English and practises it. . . . JOHN D. TOOMEY must by no means be confused with our distinguished associate editor, John A. Toomey. Mr. Toomey is a resident of Augusta, Ga., but engaged in theological studies at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

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COMMENT

COERCION is being placed upon the employees of the Department of Labor, as well as on other agencies of the Federal Government, to support the Red Government of Spain. On pay-day, every worker in the Department of Labor received a mimeographed demand to make a contribution in behalf of the so-called American Relief Ship that will be sent to Barcelona in October. The wording of the appeal left no question as to its meaning: the employee had either to pay or to expect reprisals. For the sponsoring committee included bosses and chiefs within the Department of Labor, while authorized solicitors kept account of the payments received. Employees feared to refuse to contribute. This incident is another example of the psychological terrorism applied against government employees who must, for the most part, remain mute and helpless, or otherwise run the risk of incurring the disfavor of higher officials who, by the indirect means they know how to apply, would deprive the employees of their means of subsistence. Many of these employees, if permitted to make a free choice, would contribute what they could for White Spain, since they know the crimes of Red Spain. But pressure forced the money out of their pay envelopes. The Labor authorities apply drastic regulations against other appeals; but the Communist organizers do slip in.

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AMERICANS in general smile good naturedly over diplomatic "explanations." They take an extra pinch of salt when they speak of quarantining aggressor nations. It is a humanitarian figure of speech; at times, good political distraction. And the Monroe Doctrine dressed up in Canadian garb is tolerantly saluted by our good neighbors to the north. To us, it is a pleasant relief from a Mexican dress. Inwardly, we calm ourselves by reflecting that we defeated our entrance into the dangerous League of Nations and the World Court, that the Ludlow resolution expressed our real sentiments on foreign wars, and that most recently the Gallup poll on neutrality showed major opposition to the President being granted discretionary powers to take sides in foreign crises. As President Roosevelt well expressed it in 1936: "We are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war." Our present neutrality law has thus far involved us in no diplomatic *impasse*. Warn your congressmen not to play with international dynamite and war's high voltage wires by patching our neutrality laws for temporary reasons of expediency or to satisfy propagandists.

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THE MUDDLED brain of Heywood Broun is responsible for turning Shirley Temple into an alleged Communist. In his usual fashion of getting

facts distorted, of drawing wild conclusions, and creating fictions to further his propaganda, Broun reported that Dr. Matthews, in his testimony before the Dies Committee, "on a note of almost sheer hysteria, thrust out a thin arm and screamed that Shirley Temple was a 'stooge' of the 'Reds.' " Broun's report was false in every single detail. But Broun provided a cry that his fellow Communists took up with terrific zest in order to discomfit and to discredit the Dies Committee. Quick to come to the service of the Communist subversives, the Madame Secretary of Labor made the Broun lie her own in refusing to cooperate with the Dies Committee. In a thoroughly waspish letter defending Harry Bridges, Madame Perkins refers to "the preposterous revelations of your committee in regard to this innocent and likable child." It is not too much to expect a responsible official holding the position of Secretary of Labor to be less gullible.

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THE three-cents-a-day plans for hospitalization and similar ones for personal doctors' service are a cheering sign of self-reliance in an era of blanket Federal panaceas. It abhors what the American Medical Association calls "socialized medicine" with its prevention of personal dealings between a physician and his individual patient. Estimates are that 900,000 residents of a certain metropolitan area are enrolled in such a plan. The Directors of Cleveland's Academy of Medicine, affiliated with the American Medical Association, has just announced a seven-dollar to nine-dollar-a-year arrangement to insure against a maximum of \$126 in doctors' bills incurred in the course of hospitalization. All success, then, to the special session of the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, called to order to perfect the ideals of these plans throughout the country.

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IT all depends upon whose ox is gored. Just to prove that once more, we offer a few sentences from Hitler's recent speech at Nuremberg—sentences in which the Fuehrer was howling about the plight of the Sudeten Germans and denouncing the Czechs. But we warn the reader that we have played a nasty trick on the Fuehrer, for we are not quoting him accurately. In fact, as a pretty proof of that old ox-goring business, we have deliberately substituted one name for another. Where Hitler said *Czechs*, we have carefully written *Nazi*. In place of *Sudetens*, we have substituted *Jews*. And now listen to the Nuremberg speech (revised). "These Jews too are creatures of God. . . . He has not created Nazis to supervise Jews or act as guardians for them and still less to do them violence and torture. . . . Economically these Jews

were deliberately ruined and afterwards handed over to a slow process of extermination. . . . The misery of the Jews is without end. The Nazis want to annihilate them. They are being oppressed in an inhuman and intolerable manner. When Jews are not allowed to sing any song that the Nazis do not like because it does not please the Nazis or are brutally struck . . . and are terrorized or maltreated . . . and when they are pursued like wild beasts . . . this is not a matter of indifference to us! And I say if these tortured creatures cannot obtain rights and assistance by themselves, they can obtain both from us. An end must be made of depriving these people of their rights!" The reader will note that, by the mere substitution of one name for another, Hitler is made to sound very much like the Pope!

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FOR weeks before the glad tidings came from Maryland, the country heard a lot of talk about the "Free State." "Keep the Free State free!" was one of the effective slogans of the campaign, and all the newspapers, from coast to coast, talked about the Free State of Maryland as if that were the official name that Maryland had adopted long ago in her constitution. But the adjective does not come from her constitution. Neither does it come from the pre-Civil War days when some states were "slave" and others "free." The name is a comparatively recent one, and we are indebted to Simeon Strunsky, the brilliant and always entertaining columnist of the *New York Times*, for this astonishing explanation. The name was invented, he tells us, by no less a person than Henry L. Mencken. In the bad old days of Prohibition, there was nullification in Maryland. The State withdrew from the Federal Union as far as the National Curse was concerned. On both sides of the Bay, the natives refused to bow their necks or parch their throats. They insisted on independence. Rejoicing in this glorious spirit of his home state, Mr. Mencken, who was then the most articulate anti-Prohibitionist in the country, took a hint from events across the seas, where Erin was called the Irish Free State, and began to refer to Maryland as the "Free State." He referred to it this way so often and so vehemently that he fused the nickname into our speech, and even into our history and geography textbooks.

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ANOTHER of the dons who have often smarted under the devastating blasts of Mr. Belloc does himself and his profession no credit in putting the distinguished English historian and publicist as leader of the *purely biased* school of history. At least one understands that Ralph Thompson, in the book section of the *New York Times*, is quoting Professor Allan Nevins and not himself in his review of *The Gateway to History*. The professors are adepts at natty divisions which are often as far from truth as their affirming statements. It is much easier to tag a historian than to track him down and nail him to a clearly biased statement or in-

terpretation of history. But the general tag of bias no longer will do for Belloc who, singlehanded and in a lifetime, has smashed the English Protestant tradition of which Newman spoke. Specifically he has smashed a threefold thesis. He has smashed the myth of Queen Elizabeth's greatness as a sovereign, the blessedness and gentle nature of her rule. Even the dons tread more gingerly today when they step on the Elizabethan scene. He has shown, and is now confirmed by recent writers, that the loss of the Faith in England was slow, that well into and through the seventeenth century there existed a large and vigorous Catholic minority. He has effected a modification of the traditional view of Stuart in competency and the oppression of the people under the arbitrary rule of the sovereigns. And last of all, and it is what especially peeves the dons, he has made them wary and chary in their hitherto unchecked course of riotous misstatements, errors and libelous condemnation of a Catholic minority.

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LIFE under the German Nazi Government is clearly shown by the events prior and subsequent to the meeting of the German Bishops at Fulda. The joint Pastoral of the German hierarchy was sent to virtually all German parishes by special messengers. Two copies were given to each parish, one for the official, the other for a separate private file. The event proved the wisdom of this. The Nazi secret police raided a large number of parish houses and confiscated the copy officially filed. So far not a single German newspaper has dared to refer to the Pastoral. Only the Nazi Black Guard organ in Berlin, *Schwarzes Korps*, carries a violent editorial accusing the bishops of "lying," because they stated in their Pastoral that the Church is being persecuted, a fact amply proven by recent happenings. It declares the German Catholic life is on the upswing, that the number of convents and monasteries have increased under the Nazi regime and that the Government continues to subsidize the churches. It repeats the offensive and ridiculous charge that the Holy Father is an ally of Bolshevism and the Jews against Germany. To contradict their own assertions, the Bishop of Rottenburg, the Most Rev. Johannes B. Sproll, was forcibly expelled from his diocese. Under the escort of police, he was forced to enter an automobile for Freiburg where, abandoned on the Cathedral square, he found temporary shelter with the Archbishop of Freiburg.

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WAR, at the moment of writing, has been averted in Europe. But this latest of many crises seems to have brought the nations nearer to the ignition point than any of the many scares during the past two years. Being ready to fight, the European nations are apt to fight. When Germany or France have more than a million men ready to march, when Czechoslovakia can throw half a million against an invader, then there is no security against war. Civilization has failed to curb the power of a dozen men over the destinies of the millions.

THE FASCIST STATE IS NOT EMERGING IN SPAIN

The rights of the family and the individual are supreme

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

MANY of the fallacies spread abroad about Nationalist Spain have by this time been exposed. The military situation has been more or less adequately reviewed and the general surveys of the Civil War by Robert Sencourt and Allison Peers have helped to clarify what in the beginning seemed to be a hopelessly obscure story. A number of correspondents have contradicted the propaganda that Nationalist Spain is a gigantic concentration camp by testifying that life is normal behind Franco's lines, food plentiful and cheap, and that nowhere, save in military areas, is there any extraordinary police supervision. Military observers have likewise deflated the absurd contention that there was a considerable body of foreign troops fighting for Franco. Still there are many who are skeptical about the Government which many Spaniards hope will become one of the finest achievements of Christian political thinking. Objections come from Catholics who fear that General Franco's new state will be Fascist, from liberals who foresee a new autocracy and from Communists who maintain that the Nationalist cause is propped up by Italian and German bayonets.

Such skepticism is of course natural, although its justification is largely the result of a false interpretation of the facts or the acceptance of political theories which do not permit one to see facts favorable to another side. It is commonly and illogically assumed that, since Italy and Germany have extended aid to the Nationalists, Spain will be forced to import Nazism as well as German dyes and machinery and Italian corporatism as well as Italian laces. Some commentators would have one believe that commercial treaties involve the exchange of ideologies. There is much firmer ground for skepticism, however, in the fear that Nationalist Spain's reaction against the chaos of liberalism and Marxism will create an atmosphere of repression in which, despite legal guarantees to the contrary, the rights and liberties of the individual may be overlooked.

One cannot banish all doubts at this time. The Civil War is still going on and no one can absolutely predict the final direction of the new state. Nevertheless, there are certain facts which should disabuse many people of their superstitions about

Nationalist Spain. First of all there is the evidence which no visitor to Franco's territory can deny—a peaceful normal citizenry, earning on the whole forty per cent more than it did under the Republic, protected for the first time in many years from the vandalism of agitated mobs. He can see, too, an enthusiasm for the Nationalist leaders which can hardly be explained in terms of a propaganda which is only a few months old.

Then there are the many social services sponsored by the Government. Within the space of two years the Nationalists have accomplished more in the way of public relief than the Republic did in five. Villages which rarely saw a doctor now have free medical services and children who once were scavengers in the streets of the large cities are now provided with good food and recreational facilities. In Seville an ambitious housing project has already been completed and in the north the hitherto neglected fishermen have been organized into protective societies. "Springs to catch woodcocks?" The technique of dictatorships? Perhaps. Yet in the light of the laws which have been passed by the political junta sitting at Burgos from the beginning of the war and by the present Council of Ministers, the social services of the state and the other measures designed to protect the workman seem to be founded not on expediency but on purely Christian principles.

It is quite possible to show that Spain is far from being or becoming Fascist in many different ways. The history of the Spanish people, whose individualism and love of liberty are universally admitted, makes any continuous subordination of the individual to the state an impossibility. Spain is too old and too rooted in her ways of life to submit to the unnatural dictatorship of a tyrannical state. Similarly the organization of the new state along national syndicalist rather than corporatist lines argues that Spain's government will be totalitarian only in the sense that it serves the whole people and is a single instrument of the popular will. But the history of Spanish individualism and the exposition of national syndicalism require separate and rather exhaustive treatment. What can be made perfectly clear at this time is that some laws passed by the Nationalist government originate in

and tend to extend further the principle that the state exists for the individual whose rights are circumscribed only by those of the commonweal.

This is obvious from the most casual reading of the important legislation on labor and education. In its preamble the labor law frankly asserts that its inspiration comes from the Papal Encyclicals and regards the totalitarian state simply as an instrument which, in the present moment of Spanish history, is the only possible means of bringing about peace. The National Syndicalist government, says the Preamble, "in renewing the Catholic tradition of social justice and the lofty principles which inspired the legislation of the empire, is national insofar as it is a totalitarian instrument at the service of the whole Fatherland and syndicalist insofar as it represents a reaction against liberalistic [*laissez-faire*] capitalism and Marxist materialism." The law itself is a clear scholastic statement of the rights and duties of the citizen, recognizes the primary natural rights of the individual and the family, "which are superior to any positive law" and retains the system of private property as essential to the interests of individual and family.

These general principles have been applied very specifically in a series of laws which provide for a family wage, housing reform and poor relief. Insurance schemes, old age pensions, free hospitalization have already been initiated to assist all Spaniards to better their condition. Even the rest camps which are being built for the lower income classes will be family rest camps instead of semi-military barracks where little boys and girls are taught to become more perfect minions of the state. In fact, everything already accomplished or devised for the good of the Spanish citizen has been calculated to aid him first of all to become a better individual and a better family man and, in this way, to make himself a better citizen.

Such a philosophy of government is not totalitarian. However much the new Spanish state resembles the Fascist states of Europe in some of its external features, substantially it fosters rather than curtails liberty. Its rules are strict, its manner authoritarian, not in the sense that it exacts services from the citizen but in the sense that it insists upon the citizen liberating himself in conformity with common sense and the traditional Spanish way of life. The mission of the new state, according to General Franco himself, is the establishment of social justice in Spain according to the teachings of the Catholic Church. As the means necessary to fulfil this mission the state must be organized in the best and most efficient way, it must possess unity and hierarchy, it must be guaranteed stability and independence from party politics. If anything is to be subordinated in the New Spain it will be the petty but dangerous ambitions of party politicians for whom a temporary victory is more important than the permanent good of the country. If there are any rights suppressed it will be the "rights" of irresponsible agitators to incite mobs to burn and to loot. Franco's Government demands authority to safeguard freedom—the freedom of all citizens to work, to raise families, to

educate themselves and to undertake long-term projects without which progress is piecemeal.

Students of history will agree that the most exact test of the intentions of a government consists in its educational program. The real ambitions of the state are usually manifested in the kind of training imposed upon the youth of a nation. If Franco desired to reduce Spain to the level of other totalitarian states he could easily do so through his educational policy. The time and the circumstances are propitious for such a move. The Republic had practically destroyed the educational organization when it dismissed thousands of teachers and filled their places with politically acceptable candidates, and the Church in Spain is now so wretchedly poor that only the most heroic sacrifices can overcome the losses incurred by death, destitution and the widespread destruction of property. Franco has had every opportunity to say to the former group: "You have failed"; to the latter: "You are too weak." He could have said that Spanish education needed a complete overhauling and then either boldly and immediately, or slowly and subtly, attempted to make the youth of Spain his devoted slaves. But he has done the exact opposite. He has not demanded the children from the parents nor has he ever insisted that the state has the superior right over the individual.

In the labor law and the educational laws the state recognizes that the family has the primary right and duty to educate the child. This has been affirmed many times by the Minister of Education as well as by his subordinates. Instead of planning to convert the children of Spain to the worship of a secular state, the Ministry of Education, in its instructions to the heads of the Spanish schools, emphasizes the preeminent importance of sound religious instruction. The crucifix has been restored to the class room; teachers give daily lessons in catechism and Bible history. More than this, the whole purpose of primary training, according to the official circular of the Ministry of Education, is the development of the child's moral character.

One of the chief lessons learned from the Marxist revolution in Spain was the fact that every generation must be trained in the eternal values of loyalty, generous cooperation and self-discipline, that one or two decades of pagan educational practice may upset the work of many centuries. Hence the effort once more not only to instruct youth in the ordinary arts and sciences but also to form their wills and hearts as well. School children in Nationalist Spain are now taught that God and His laws come first and under God the laws of man. They are told that man has certain rights consequent upon his duty to God which no other man, not even the Generalissimo himself, can abrogate, that it is the function of the state to enable man to exercise these rights. And instead of being indoctrinated in the wrong kind of patriotism which makes all Marxists the children of hell, the child is guided in his social thinking by the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. These laws are the laws of the state, made and administered without the slightest ecclesiastical pressure.

Nor has the new state been Fascist in selecting its civil servants. Just as it has permitted former anarchists and Communists to join the syndicates and just as it has extended relief to all Spaniards regardless of their former beliefs, so too it plans to cooperate with the older educational agencies. Before the Republic confiscated most of the private schools the proportion of these institutions operated by the clergy and the Religious Orders was six to one. This ratio was due partly to the fact that parents preferred to give their children a thorough religious education and partly to the fact that the state had never provided sufficient schools for the people. The Nationalist government has recognized that the parents have the right to educate the children as they see fit and it has decided that the religious schools may continue.

This willingness to admit the primacy of family and individual rights over the state, the deliberate refusal to grasp all power when popular enthusiasm for the government is at its height, the manifestly

honest adherence of all the ministers to the principles of the Papal Encyclicals, the continuous reiteration in a controlled press of the freedom of the citizen to work out his individual destiny within the framework of the law, above all the dedication by its chiefs of the whole nation to the brotherhood of man under Christ, make the application of the term Fascist to Spain a gross and fantastic libel. Spain is now fighting a deadly war. As in every country at war, there is a strict censorship, and many policies which are perfectly clear to one living in Spain cannot now be conveniently discussed in public. It is just as absurd to expect General Franco to denounce the principles of National Socialism or of Italian imperialism as it would have been to expect Washington to denounce French absolutism during the Revolutionary war. The new Spain plans to erect a strong government, not to protect a group of politicians, but to ensure those liberties which the Republic, for all its rhetorical protestations to the contrary, was unwilling or unable to maintain.

INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT WILL PROFIT THROUGH MORALS

It must be more homo-centric, less profit-centric

H. A. FROMMELT



MANAGEMENT is the business of making two dollars profit grow where only one grew before. Such a definition would not, perhaps, find a place in management literature or the proceedings of associations devoted to this important activity of our industrial society. But it represents, nevertheless, an accurate statement of its current aims and ideology.

Ever since Frederick Winslow Taylor, at the 1903 meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, launched his Shop Management as the religion of American industry, management's philosophy has been profit-centric. Taylor took the results of the secularizing processes of the previous four centuries, at work in industrial society, and gave them order and a vocabulary. He is, therefore, honored as the "father of scientific management."

But he is more. He is the high-priest of the prevailing industrial religion, according to which man is isolated from human society and considered as a

producing mechanism. He showed the way to making management completely amoral, devising a set of rules, completely dessicated of all ethical content, for the efficient marshaling of men, money and materials to produce goods and services at a profit.

By the turn of the present century the disintegration set in motion by the so-called Reformation was practically completed. Society had been atomized until it was no longer a corporate and organic whole—a moral unity—but rather a heterogeneous collection of individuals. In such a setting, Scientific Management, the new religion, not only waxed strong but became the pride and boast of a pagan industrialism.

Taylor's principal objective when he began his now famous experiments at the Midvale plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company was to develop a shop-management technique that would make and keep the worker satisfied through increased earnings. He must consider himself not as a member of

a corporate industrial society but as an efficient robot in an atomized organization. It was in such ground that the infamous open-shop policy of industrial America took root and grew luxuriously. Taylor placed the individual worker under a microscope to determine the most profitable combination of linkages and movements possible in this mechanical mechanism otherwise referred to as man. Motion and time study became the two important disciplines in the new theology of management-for-money. And Scientific Management was born as the religion of profit-first business.

And so it continues to this day. The program of the Seventh International Management Congress, held at Washington, D. C., from September 19 to 23, gave no indication that moral considerations have any part in the art of directing men, money and materials in industry. Admittedly, management was on the spot when for the first time this Congress convened in America. Government, Labor and observant critics with a Christian *Weltanschauung* questioned its position in the social structure.

The delegates to this international gathering considered a program, according to official announcement, built around these four objectives:

1. Provide a forum for interchanging world experience in all phases of management, thereby aiding the economical production and distribution of goods and services in industry and agriculture, and increasing the satisfaction of using the resultant benefits in the home.

2. Give management in industry and agriculture a needed opportunity to appraise the social and economic results of its work, and discern its future course under rapidly changing conditions and new concepts of responsibility.

3. Give leaders of thought and action opportunity to advise management in its relations with the public, labor and government.

4. Give management an opportunity to rededicate itself publicly to the principles and practices that are easing daily labors, spreading the advantages of widely distributed goods, promoting the well-being of the peoples of the earth.

These officially promulgated objectives as well as announced subjects for the three-day program constitute a striking condemnation of American management's tragic bankruptcy. Management as a relationship between two groups of human beings is essentially and primarily a moral relationship. Both its objectives and its methods must be based on this fundamental truth. Moreover, not only are the individuals with which it deals moral beings but they have membership in a corporate organization, human society, whose moral unity cannot be violated with impunity.

Management must become homo-centric. It must cease to be profit-centric. Conscience as a directive force in its activities must be restored. And it must cease regarding labor as a group of isolated individuals and regard them as moral beings of an inviolable organism.

Let management scuttle Scientific Management as its prevailing religion and build anew on a phi-

losophy that recognizes the existence of a moral world, conscience as its directive voice and the moral nature of man and human society with whose welfare it must primarily be concerned.

Starting from such premises, the program of the Seventh International Management Congress would have stressed the ethical phase of every relationship and contact between employer on the one hand and employe groups and society on the other. Consideration of the moral obligations of administrators would have replaced the meaningless and false discussions concerning the social, economic and psychological aspects of this so-called science. Silicosis, safety, wages and working conditions generally, for example, would have been approached as moral problems. They would not be occasions for an exercise in executive ingenuity in a minimum conforming with statutory regulations while keeping the cost of production at a profit-producing level.

Indeed, placing the emphasis on the moral and ethical in management would obviate the constant flood of legislation that has only served to increase dangerously the powers of the state, and which in consequence is rapidly headed in the direction of omnipotence. A condition that is, by the way, no more ferociously, but unintelligently, criticized than by executives and industrial leaders.

The Seventh International Management Congress should devote its three days of sessions to the formulation of a philosophy based on the moral nature of man, his destiny and obligations to a Supreme Being and his place as a creature in a world created for his end and destiny. What is good in Scientific Management—and it has much of value—should be saved from the dismantled religion of Taylor that views man as a combination of mechanisms that must be taught to function with minimum friction and maximum profit.

Moreover, this Congress should hasten to repair the damage that has been done by funneling the false philosophy of this profit-centric management into industrial management and related courses in engineering and business administration colleges. This damage by the way has been visited upon both secular and Catholic institutions. And a little examination will reveal these disciplines reduced to a factual and vocational level wholly unworthy of university students. Having been inspired by an erroneous world view, these studies soon degenerated into a compilation of statistics, data and quickly-outmoded information. Until today management, industrial relations and personnel courses and their texts are not only unsound pedagogically but confirm in the aspiring executive the secularized notion that management and morals have nothing in common.

Management is essentially a moral activity. Re-emphasize this and let conscience be restored as a directive norm in industrial relationships. That phase of the labor problem with which management is concerned will then be reasonably resolved and a program of the International Management Congress, devoted to these fundamentals and considerations, would be productive of immense good.

SEMANTICS MAY BE TONICS BUT THEY ARE NOT THE CURE-ALL

The oiliness of words versus the slipperiness of men

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

EVERYBODY seems to be semantics-conscious at the moment, including, no doubt, the hundred ablest readers of Professor Buswell's adult reading report, who swear by *Good Housekeeping* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, as well as the Professor's hundred poorest readers, who also swear by *Good Housekeeping* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. (Of such is the kingdom of literacy.) And when Stuart Chase, that jaunty public-relations counsel of the millennium-greeters, writes a book more or less on the subject of semantics, one can be fairly sure that public interest in the matter will remain at white heat for a few weeks following the publication of his book.

Technocracy (if you will try to remember) had its day. For several months practically all of our "quality" magazines put the subject on a quantitative basis. The brain-storms were quickly followed by the widespread uncovering of statistical irresponsibility and ideological vacuity—then silence. From technocracy's ashes rose the President's Blue Eagle, that gaudy, loud-mouthed bird, which came in like technocracy and went out like Herbert Hoover.

Chase's *The Economy of Abundance* was a sincere, if low-ceilinged, attempt to make an honest woman of technocracy. But dissatisfaction with the way bureaucrats and politicians are running the country is one thing; fervent belief in the ability of scientists and technicians to do a much better job, another. Fighting for more humane living conditions and a more just distribution of the national wealth is also one thing; enlisting one's brains, energy, and native idealism in the crusade for the realization of the ultimate ant-heap is still another. Scores of "significant" books in the fields of economics, politics, and sociology being written today would have some point were men and women no more than X's and Y's, content to pass their lives between the covers of books dealing with the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Furthermore, people cannot eat the revolutionary implications of agricultural chemistry; nor can they risk patterning their lives on scientific hypotheses that are here today and gone tomorrow.

And now semantics is having its Chase boom. If the country cannot immediately feed, clothe and

gadgetize us in the way technocracy accustomed us—for a few months—to think it could (and there is no denying that the country *could* do a lot better by all of us), at least our leaders and would-be leaders should have the common decency to talk and write in a language that is not too disgracefully removed from Dean Swift's. If our politicians and economists cannot give us the moon, they can at least let up on the green cheese. That seems to be the nub of the present furor about semantics. Any device, enthusiasm, or obsession, even, that will help clear the smelly verbal atmosphere in these confused days and reduce the forensic and journalistic blab-blub to a more easily detectable minimum is something very much to be thankful for.

So far so good. The danger is that we will be led into spending too much of our time in the next few years attending to our homework in the semantics seminar, and let a great many far more vital matters go hang. If the country is stolen from us (we are assuming that in a number of very desirable respects it is still ours), it will probably be stolen sometime during the night—likely enough the night before the final exam in the semantics seminar.

Anyone who is interested in a quick explanation of what is dangerous about viewing semantics as the key to the safe containing the Declaration and the Constitution could do far worse than read William Hazlitt's profile of Jeremy Bentham in *The Spirit of the Age*.

The modern interest in semantics appears to have received its impetus from Jeremy Bentham (see Ogden's valuable introduction to *Bentham's Theory of Fictions*). Semantics, especially as treated in such studies as *The Meaning of Meaning*, is a natural child of eighteenth-century Rationalism; and today's grandchildren are by Pragmatism out of Utilitarianism. The reviewers of *The Tyranny of Words* have by now pretty well covered the subject, some paying their ecstatic respects to its very obvious virtues, others more pertinently calling attention to Chase's embarrassingly naive empiricism. Thurman Arnold's entertainingly iconoclastic, if decidedly superficial, employment of the semantic convention in describing the American social, legal and economic structures has been handled

far less astutely by the critics. Henry Hazlitt, in the *Times Book Review*, was one of the few critics to treat *The Folklore of Capitalism* as a profane book.

Chase and Arnold, for all their wit, intelligence and verbal hijinks, are, when you come right down to it, *naifs*. They have, in our opinion, anyway, been blithely mistaking symptoms for causes; and only a few of their reviewers have even so much as hinted at this basic defect. We feel that this error in their seductive books is too crucial to warrant slurring over. When reviewers *en masse* substitute salvos and cartwheels for criticism in dealing with books like these recent ones of Chase and Arnold, they strengthen the possibility that vitally important issues will be shelved, while the more serious and conscientious members of the American reading public go off on leisurely semantic walking tours. It is all very jolly, and fresh-airish, and self-improving—but it is not citizenship.

We are being blab-blabbled to death today, on various levels of sophistication, not because our language shows signs of being turned into an instrument about as sharp and finely gauged as a hickory club, but because both public and private morality appears to be approaching a new low in flabbiness. If American democracy fails, it will fail because of corruption at the top. Nothing spreads faster through all sections of the populace than spiritual and intellectual dryrot from on high.

In the present hubbub about semantics, the stress seems to be on the oiliness of words rather than on the slipperiness of men. Semantic fever is a good thing, if for no other reason than that it may keep us in nights a little oftener. But unlike certain other varieties of artificially induced fever, it is no cure-all for what ails us. Should the current excitement about semantics become chronic, we might, in time, become a race of Kenneth Burkes—a consummation (with all due respect to him and his cruelly sweated “frame of reference”) not very devoutly to be wished for. If we sink into a form of slavery that was not anticipated by the Fourteenth Amendment, and cravenly subscribe to a form of government that the Founders of the Republic held in sublime contempt, it will not be because we and our leaders failed the semantics seminar; it will be because we allowed ourselves to be diverted from paths of integrity and watchfulness, and foolishly placed our trust in the magic potency of side-issues. If the men who do the planning, the thinking, and the aspiring for us are bent on reducing the Republic, the current fad of “Define your terms, Mister” will not stop them. The question the American people ought to start asking their rulers—in the fields of government, finance, industry, thought—is not *what* (very precisely and specifically) you mean, but, rather, *whether* you mean it. As regards national leadership, anyway, the blood count is always more important than the word count.

In a crime war the emphasis is not on the weapons being illicitly used, but on the elimination of gangsters. And in the present war (the one for the preservation of American democracy, in case you have forgotten) the emphasis must be, not on

debunking demagogic radio blattings or soporific lead articles in the Sunday supplements, but on the quickest possible elimination of leaders, intellectual and political, whose souls have turned mealy. We can no more make politicians give up their semantic blanks, their “rugged individualism’s,” their “collective security’s,” than we can make racketeers voluntarily give up their machine guns or civilized nations their poison gases. Merely for the American people to become better informed about the nature and extent of the verbal sophistries practised upon them by demagogues is not necessarily useful knowledge. Unless we can and will do something about getting rid of intellectual and spiritual rubbish, knowing that we were hit with a club instead of a pickaxe will not be very comforting. If things go from bad to worse, we will probably neither know nor care what hit us.

We cannot be told often enough in these days that our instruments of language need filing and disinfecting. Constant vigilance is the price of a soundly living language; and the recent onslaughts of Babbitt, Nock and Follett against rhetorical flabbiness and eccentricity will not have been in vain if they do nothing more than put us on our guard. No language, for that matter, is more pathetically exposed to the dangers of slovenliness and anarchy than Mr. Mencken’s American. But it will be fatal to forget that unless we can get (and keep) leaders who place love of country and honestly won self-respect before their pride, their pocketbooks or their self-intoxicating oratory, we might as well kiss our language and our nation good-bye.

Referents and operational checks or no referents and operational checks, men are more than their written and spoken words. Today, alarmingly enough, it often seems that their words are better men than they are. To paraphrase Aristotle and Pascal, men are either better than their words—or worse. As Hazlitt once observed, words are the only things in this world that last forever. But those words that have lasted forever have done so, not primarily because of the impurities and ambiguities screened out of them, but because of the intensity, the vision, the self-obliterating passion for truth and reality poured into them. “A hundred years ago,” said Chesterton, “our affairs for good or evil were wielded triumphantly by rhetoricians. Now our affairs are hopelessly muddled by strong, silent men.”

Our need for words carrying clean bills of health from those doctors of semantic absoluteness, Messrs. Ogden and Richards, is not nearly so urgent right now as is our need for men possessed of moral courage and the unselfish love of country. Given such men for leaders, and more accuracy and honesty in the use of words will follow like a Q. E. D. Granted that such a phrase as (say) “the ever-normal granary” qualifies, potentially anyway, as blab-blabbled, it is still preferable to Mr. Mencken’s far more semantically realistic sterilization program for backward farmers. If the country comes through, it will be saved by ever-normal granaries, not by wholesale sterilization drives.

RED RECRUITING IN THE BLACK BELT

Christianity, too, must cross the color line

JOHN D. TOOMEY

THE CLEAREST statement of the aims of the Communist party in regard to the Negroes of the United States has been offered by James W. Ford, himself a Negro and Vice-Presidential candidate of the Communist party ticket in the 1936 elections. If his plans were carried out, it would mean that the greater portions of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia would comprise a separate and independent Negro Republic. Mr. Ford in his book, *The Negroes in a Soviet America*, writes as follows:

The Communist fights for the right of the black belt territory to self-determination. This means not only that the Negro people shall no longer be oppressed but shall come into their rightful position as the majority population in the Black Belt. It means equally the right of the Black Belt Republic freely to determine its relations to the United States. . . . This would mean that the Negro people in the Black Belt will have the right to choose for themselves between federation with or separation from the United States as a whole. The Soviet Power, the workers and their government, will guarantee this right. . . . It necessarily raises as one of the principal demands that the troops of the United States government, now stationed in the Black Belt to enforce the national oppression of the Negro, be withdrawn. . . .

Such a promise can be considered as no more than a hypocritical effort to secure the support of the twelve million Negroes now in the United States. Under the guise of preached "social equality" between white and black, here is a self-exposed plan to segregate the Negroes into one section after the "Revolution." Lest we think that Ford is merely expressing his own pipe-dreams of the future of his race, we may turn to the plans of Earl Browder, Presidential candidate and leader of the Communist Party in the United States, as stated in his book, *What Is Communism?* He writes that since the Communist Party has earned the title of "the party of the Negroes" because of its service in the struggle for Negro rights, it has also acquired corresponding responsibilities, namely, the securing of the right of self-determination of the Black Belt, and unconditional economic, political and social equality (pp. 187, 189, 248).

The statements of Ford and Browder show in general the aims of the party. But what about the

subversive activities which are now being made by Communists among the Negroes in preparation for the accomplishment of these aims? We are not so startled to find that over \$57,000 was spent by Communists on the Scottsboro Case in an effort to incite racial antipathies, and that \$25,000 was raised to fight the case against Herndon, the Negro Communist who was sent into Georgia to organize and agitate the Negroes of that state. The Communist Party is very systematically organized in the South. Already it has been divided into eight districts, numbered 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. (*Daily Worker*, September 18, 1934.) These, in turn, are separated into many units which are numbered consecutively. The entire country is organized into thirty-four districts. Each district has its headquarters which is responsible to the national headquarters of the party. The constant traveling to and from Moscow by Mr. Browder and associates leaves no doubt in our minds as to whom the national headquarters is responsible.

Besides this systematic organization of the Southern territory, Communists publish several periodicals and thousands of pamphlets in the South which are directly addressed to the Negro. Their chief publication is *The New South*, a monthly, published in Birmingham, Alabama, which claims to be a "journal of progressive opinion." The May issue reported the annual meeting of the Communist-sponsored All Southern Negro Youth Congress. Its report ends with the words that "it is the development of the *Democratic* front which has within it the possibilities of uniting the entire Negro population together with progressive whites upon a common program." This publication contains advertisements of books by Marx, Engels, Allen and Browder. It describes Allen's book, *Reconstruction*, as "a truthful, carefully documented history of Reconstruction days, viewing Reconstruction as a period, cut short, of *real democracy* for the Southern people." If it condones the horrible days of the carpetbag regime and goes so far as to call it a period of "real democracy," we may know what to expect should Communism ever triumph in America.

A few years ago a terroristic campaign was launched by Communists in a Birmingham Negro

school against the principal (a Negro) because of his opposition to radical activity against the Negro race. Circulars signed by the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense were distributed among the students. One day a panic was caused when it was rumored that Communists planned to bomb the school, but fortunately this anarchism did not get to such extremes in this particular case.

These activities illustrate some of the efforts made by Communists to incite race and class struggle in the South. They are facts, but facts little known or attended to by the average American. But it is certain that the Communists are organized in the South, that they plan a Negro Soviet, and that they are actually making efforts toward this end. The main grievances stressed by Communists in their solicitation of Negro support are: restrictions on voting—such as poll taxes, accumulated poll taxes, property qualifications, etc.—economic and social discriminations in favor of whites; in other words, the lack of social justice in dealing with Negroes.

But what makes it so hard to combat the Communist approach is that these grievances are based on facts. It is easy enough to jail a Communist for distributing revolutionary literature in Atlanta. It is easy to prevent a bombing in Birmingham if the bombers are detected soon enough. But it is not easy to persuade twelve millions of colored people not to pay any attention to a crowd of Communist radicals. The Negro knows his condition in the United States better than anyone else. But I would wager that the Communist party knows it second best, and naturally the Negro is going to listen to one who is sympathetic with him.

It is a question worthy of consideration. The Negroes who have become comparatively well off are very few. This is the exception to their general condition. Take the plight of the rural share-cropper as an example of the other side of the picture. Place yourself in his position—a day-in and day-out existence, the whole family working in the hot fields, little or no schooling for the children, and possessing merely the barest necessities of life. Now if you were Mose Washington, an Alabama share-cropper, and Communist representatives attempted to organize a share-croppers union—as they actually did in Alabama a few years ago—you would welcome every promise they made. You would certainly have nothing to lose.

So we ask, can we blame them? No, we can blame no one but those among us who have been guilty of social injustice to the colored people with whom we have come in contact. Of course, we can blame the Communists, too, because we know their treachery and duplicity. But is it not a matter of our own conscience more than anything else? Dr. John Garvin gives us this admonition in a recent issue of *Social Justice*: "Let me look at my method of living and see if I give the same love and justice to my neighbor as I would give to Christ," because, he goes on to say, "I shall be saved or not according as I see Christ in all the men and women around me."

Communism will be blocked only by Christianity.

But Christianity without Christ is both a failure and a contradiction. Our Holy Father warns us of such a state in his Encyclical, *Atheistic Communism*: "The Catholic who does not live according to the Faith he professes will not long be master of himself in these days when the winds of strife and persecution blow so fiercely, but will be swept away defenseless in this new deluge which threatens the world. And thus, while he is preparing his own ruin, he is exposing to ridicule the very name of Christian." Even more strongly does Our Holy Father deplore certain unjust actions of Catholics: "It is unfortunately true that the manner of acting in certain Catholic circles has done much to shake the faith of the working-classes in the religion of Jesus Christ."

Therefore, our duty to the Negro is clear. Who will reach him first? Catholic or Communist? It all depends on how well we fulfil our duty. If I base my relations with him on Christian principles, if I treat him as I would Christ, then the Communist will not have a chance. For true Christianity can never fail.

It is surprising how far the true spirit of Christ will or will not penetrate our daily actions. Our failure to treat each and every one of our neighbors as members of the same Body of which Christ is the Head can range anywhere from sins against strict justice down to small faults of impersonality. Dr. Richard Cabot writes in *Christianity and Sex* that all of us are stained to some degree by this latter fault. Instead of using his example of the train conductor, we ask ourselves if we look upon our Pullman porter "as a unique human being with a family at home" or as just another nonentity called "George."

Many instances of our relations with the colored race could be cited, but a personal examination of conscience will show us our own deficiencies more quickly. Out of twelve millions, only 250,000 American Negroes are Catholic. This small group can exert only their correspondingly small influence in preserving the members of their race from Communist poison. A hostel for the homeless opened by a Negro in Washington is one of the finest examples of how the colored unemployed laborer can be saved from Red enlistment. But most of the task devolves on the white Catholic who has daily contact with the Negro. It is he who is in a position to show the true way to earthly happiness and heavenly bliss by practising in earnest the ideals of Christ. It must be a campaign of personalism. Black and white must meet in Christian charity and unity. Only then will the Red flames of hate and atheism be quenched by the saving waters of Christian redemption. Then there will be no Negro Soviet, but rather a "Sunny South" where white and black will live in harmony and peace, cooperating mutually in charity and justice, and preparing for that heavenly home where racial and class distinctions are leveled to a oneness in Christ, to Whom there are no color lines, no social castes, nothing, in short, but the matchless beauty of human souls who have come to share in His glory for all eternity.

LEGAL SHORTCUTS

WAS it Napoleon who said that he cared nothing for precedent, but created it? The question is not important, but leaving the decision to the learned, it may be observed that Napoleon, who liked to take shortcuts, lost his imperial throne and died in exile.

Between St. Helena and New York stretches a span of space and altered circumstance. Yet a famous case which ended last week in a New York court when the judge ordered a mistrial, serves to recall St. Helena.

Americans are probably the only people in the world who, in judging crime and the criminal, substitute their emotions for their intelligences. That is one reason why crime flourishes in this country. Generally our sympathies lie with the criminal. We forget the family deprived by a murderous hand of its natural protector; what is worse, we forget that crime against rightly constituted authority is also a crime against the majesty of God from Whom this authority is derived. Very few convicted criminals, especially murderers, long lack an army of sobbing Saras and puling Percies to plead for them. It's a custom of the country.

On the other hand, when after a series of crimes some misguided police chief issues an order, "Shoot on sight," we applaud. Then the grand jury meets and indicts the gunmen and the racketeers, and the newspapers record the zeal of the prosecutor. Like Napoleon we are partial to shortcuts, no matter where they may lead; even to the escape of the real criminals.

During the New York trial, Judge Pecora, who presided with dignity and learning, incidentally delivered a few short but valuable lectures of the rights of men accused of crime. An indictment, he pointed out, is not evidence of guilt. It is merely an accusation of guilt. In the next place, "what the soldier said," to repeat Mr. Justice Stareleigh in *Bardell v. Pickwick*, "is not evidence." To Judge Pecora it seemed that "justice will be dethroned and the safety and security of citizens will be placed at the peril of the gossip," when our courts accept even the sworn statement of one who testifies to hearsay.

More than twenty years ago, the Court of Appeals of New York observed that the interests of the people as well as those of the defendant require that every trial be conducted in accordance with the law. "The safety and security of every citizen," held the Court, "demand that if one accused of crime cannot be fairly and lawfully convicted, he should not be convicted at all." This is merely an application to familiar legal processes of the principle enunciated by Leo XIII: "Rights must be respected wherever they are found."

It is of high importance to the state that criminals be speedily convicted and condignly punished. But it is equally important to every upright citizen who lives in freedom that the least right of the humblest man accused of crime be respected and preserved.

NO SUBSERVIENCE

TWENTY years ago, President Wilson asked the country to elect a Congress that would support his policies. The country responded by substituting a Republican for a Democratic majority in Congress. History repeats itself in 1938, and the lesson it teaches is wholesome. Congress and the executive department should work in harmony to secure the general welfare, but neither should be subservient to the other. Under the Constitution, Congress is vested with an authority which it should guard jealously. When it tolerates invasion of its authority, it attacks the Constitution.

WHY QUIT

THERE was a saying in the South years ago: "Let every man skin and bury his own skunks." The advice is applicable today, and it is especially applicable after Hitler's speech in Nuremberg.

It is true that Hitler, realizing that France, Great Britain and Russia are ready to oppose by force a German march into Czechoslovakia, is contenting himself at present with talk. But he will not long remain content with words. Obviously this madman is ready to plunge all Europe into war at the first opportunity which seems favorable to his plans.

In the resulting war, he would, of course, be annihilated.

But this skunk does not belong to us. He is Europe's, and it is Europe's task to skin and bury him. We should not be called upon to assist.

In an address on September 12, Representative Fish, of New York, outlined what should be the American attitude. "As a veteran of the World War, who fought on French battlefields for two years," said Mr. Fish, "I say millions for national defense, but not one cent to send an American soldier to fight Europe's battles. If Europe's dictators insist upon war, it is their war, not ours."

"Timely disbursements to prepare for danger," wrote Washington, "frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it." But disbursements for the national defense are one thing and disbursements with an eye on European entanglements are quite another. If we

INTERNATIONAL SAPS

AFTER the World War, dissension broke out among the Allies over the proper partition of the German colonies, and feeling ran high. But all that the United States got was 180,000 graves, a debt of \$26,000,000,000 and the obligation to sink half our navy. To this catalog Hugh Johnson adds that we reaped the undying contempt or hatred of every country in Europe, except Finland, to whom we loaned money. Should war again come to Europe, we Americans should step out of our familiar role as international saps, and resolutely refuse to be cajoled or backed into the conflict.

QUIT OUR OWN?

yield to the sophism that any war in Europe will necessarily involve our interests—and that sophism is preached all over this country today—we shall assuredly become involved in the next European war. We hate tyranny and we abhor the race-supremacy delirium preached by Hitler. But it is our business to make tyranny and race-prejudice impossible in the United States. It is surely no duty of ours to send our sons to die on foreign battlefields in support of some European Government which does not understand what freedom means.

Misled by a false reading of American principles, too many Americans are ready to plunge this country into European wars. Our first duty is to our own country; to keep it free from foreign alliances. We shall not promote the cause of world peace by implicating ourselves in what Washington called "foreign entanglements." When we can give the world an example of what liberty under law means, we serve the world best.

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation," wrote Washington in 1796. "Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns." It was Washington's conclusion that to implicate ourselves in Europe's politics, "or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities" would harm us and Europe.

No better advice can be given the American people at this moment.

WHEN the alien, Harry Bridges, was appointed to organize the C. I. O. on the Pacific Coast, this Review asked editorially: "Is John L. Lewis Insane?" Mr. Bridges returned to the Coast, a very hot-bed of labor troubles and of conflicting labor unions, with a letter of recommendation from Mr. Lewis, and the happy approbation of Earl Browder, who found in Bridges a man after his own heart. At the very time that the C. I. O. was competing with the A. F. of L. for popular support, and when the C. I. O. was denounced as a Communist-ridden organization, Mr. Lewis justified our question by giving more than a color of truth to a fairly general impression.

Hitherto we have believed that impression unfounded; now we are beginning to doubt. The antics of Mr. Lewis in the bull-ring in Mexico City strengthen our doubt. "Red flags, including those of the Communist party in Mexico, and the Lenin Section of the Confederation of Mexican Workers," reports Frank L. Kluckhohn, in the *New York Times*, "were waving when Mr. Lewis began to speak. He was obviously impressed." Mr. Lewis may not be a member of the Communist party, but he is assuredly at home in any Communist gathering. For this meeting was held under the auspices of the Communist-minded Internationalist Congress Against War and Fascism, and Mr. Lewis' comrades on this occasion were the Comrades Toledano, of Mexico, Leon Jouhaux, of France, and Peña, of Spain.

Nor did Mr. Lewis' address give any indication that he felt out of place in the bull-ring. President Cárdenas had just written another letter to Secretary of State Hull, reaffirming the principle that American property would be seized in Mexico and retained under conditions fixed by the brigands now in power in that unhappy country. Nevertheless, Mr. Lewis thought the occasion fit for a panegyric of Cárdenas.

Is Mr. Lewis determined to stamp the C. I. O. as a Communist affiliate? We can join him in denouncing Fascism, but when he has not even a word of censure for the infinitely greater evil of Communism, but on the contrary, makes himself at home in a rankly Communist meeting, it is difficult to attach any note of intelligence to his professions of love for the wage-earner and the oppressed. Bad as capitalism has been in this country, it never put upon the worker the burdens which crush him under Communism.

If the C. I. O. has any hopes for the future, it will do well to elect another leader. Mr. Lewis is dragging it into the ditch.

He has shown such poor judgment in dealing with Communists that the impression is widespread that the C. I. O. is merely another name for Communism. Many believe that while the voice may be that of John L. Lewis, the sentiments are supplied by Earl Browder, and other American lovers of the Soviet. Furthermore, he is rapidly making the C. I. O. a one-man organization. It should have a

constitution, with rules and mandates binding John L. Lewis as well as its humblest member. But it has no constitution. It is a body subject to the will of John L. Lewis. That is not the labor union which the American wage-earner can safely support.

We supported the C. I. O. from the outset because it seemed to us that Lewis planned to do a work which the A. F. of L. either could not or would not do. We propose to continue our support until it becomes evident that the C. I. O. is not helping but injuring the cause of organized labor. The C. I. O. appeals to us because of some of its enemies, but not because of all of them. At the moment, it seems to us that one of its chief enemies is John L. Lewis.

RADIO FREEDOM

WHEN the President of the United States carries on one of his monologs known as a "fire-side chat," he is guilty of "propaganda." An opponent who takes to the radio to answer him is equally guilty. But guilty of what?

"Propaganda" has a bad reputation which it does not wholly deserve. In itself, as Chesterton said of casuistry, it is as harmless as gardening or stamp-collecting. All depends on what is propagated and, especially, on how it is propagated. When a man tries to convince his neighbor that some tenet is true, he uses propaganda, but as long as his arguments are directed to his neighbor's intelligence or worthy emotions, and are honestly set forth, he may be guilty of undertaking an impossible task, but of nothing worse.

There was a time when propaganda was carried on chiefly in books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers. Today the emphasis is turning to the radio. Not long ago a successful propagandist wrote that his chief reliance was the word spoken over the air. Too many people in this country, he thought, read nothing but the sporting page, and that is a field closed to political and religious propaganda. Besides, he added, it is characteristic of a child-like people to be vastly more impressed by a living voice than by the printed page. He believes that the press is merely auxiliary to the radio.

If this propagandist is correct, and there is reason to believe that he is, freedom of speech over the radio becomes of tremendous importance. Obviously, however, it is not wholly free in this country today, and is daily becoming less free. Of this fact, the inability of Father Coughlin to purchase time over three of the largest radio chains in the country, is ample proof. No broadcasting company will sell its facilities to any man who wishes to express opinions that are critical of the Administration, or of any group that is powerful enough to make its influence felt with the Administration. If it does, it will find itself in trouble when it applies to the Government for a renewal of its license.

No Administration has dared propose licensing of the press. By what right does the Government license the radio? The query expresses a problem that becomes increasingly ominous.

OUR HIDDEN SELVES

THAT was an unusual Sabbath dinner about which Saint Luke tells us in tomorrow's Gospel (xiv, 1-11), for Our Lord partook of it with the Pharisees and one of their chiefs. While we are not told why Our Lord went to this gathering, the Evangelist suggests that Jesus was not cordially received, for the Pharisees "watched him." They did not keep their eyes on Him, as did many of the common people who saw in His Sacred Face the love of their Friend. Their purpose was to catch Him in some fault or inconsistency which would serve as a pretext for denouncing Him as an enemy of the law.

There were subtle disputants among these Pharisees. But now and then practical necessity forced them into decisions which, although sensible, were in conflict with the rigid principles outwardly professed by them. At this dinner they discussed Sabbath-day observance, and they seem to have referred some absurd problem to Our Lord. He answered them with a question. "Is it lawful," He inquired, His eyes resting upon one of the diners, a man afflicted with dropsy, "to heal on the Sabbath day?"

The Pharisees feared to answer yes or no, and in the silence which ensued Our Lord healed the sick man. Immediately a buzz of disapprobation arose. The Pharisees were eager to show that Our Lord had violated the law, but could not find words in which to frame the evidence. Jesus then exposed their inconsistency by reminding them how under their rulings it was proper, even on the Sabbath, to draw an ox or an ass out of the pit. Unless they were ready to argue that a man was of less worth than these animals, they could not accuse Our Lord of profaning the Sabbath.

Possibly there were some at this gathering whose minds had not been deliberately closed against the truth. At any rate, after showing them His power as God, Our Lord addressed to them a little sermon on humility.

Humility, as the Saints have said, is truth. Humility, explain the ascetics, expanding the definition, is a moral virtue which helps us to know and to admit honestly our worth in the eyes of God and to regulate our lives accordingly. It was an unknown virtue among the Pharisees, as the Gospels present them to us. The Pharisee could find the choicest virtues in himself, but his eyes were blind to the very possibility that he might be a sinner.

But if humility was unknown among the Pharisees, it is also rare among average run-of-the-mill Christians. We cannot always seize the first place, but we know that it belongs to us. If by our efforts we squeeze into it, we are broken-hearted when the Master of the feast tells us, turning to one of our neighbors, a most commonplace person, "Give this man place." Everyone knows that we are his superior! At least, we know it.

About the last lesson we learn in the spiritual life is that we are dust and ashes in God's sight, and not much more in the eyes of good men. It is not an easy lesson, and when we have learned it, we shall be Saints. But we can all try to learn it.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt traveled to Rochester, Minn., where their son, James, was operated on for a gastric ulcer. The operation was successful. . . . In a press conference, President Roosevelt declared Ambassador Bullitt denied having pledged American support to France in war as well as in peace. Regarding editorial opinion expressed in certain newspapers that the Administration seemed determined to lead the United States into war if war broke out in Europe, Mr. Roosevelt attributed bad behavior to the newspapers. He was informed the impression was growing as a result of utterances by himself, Secretary Hull and Ambassador Bullitt. . . . The President assailed the Women's Rebellion, Inc., an association of New Jersey women who are seeking to prevent relief recipients from voting. It would be just as sensible to limit suffrage to those possessing an A.B. degree, he declared. He said the women in the organization should be referred to as ladies, with the word *ladies* in quotation marks. Mr. Roosevelt criticized the poll tax as an outmoded method of limiting the franchise. . . . The Dies Committee investigating un-American activities requested President Roosevelt to direct various Government departments to furnish it with investigators, counsel and clerical assistance as authorized by Congress. Chairman Dies pointed out that the Department of Justice and the WPA had furnished a large part of the personnel used by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee. Despite Congressional authorization, the Department of Justice refused the request of the Dies Committee for law officers and investigators. The President took no action on the Dies plea for help. . . . The Department of Justice informed the Dies Committee it was investigating the recruiting of Americans for the Red army in Spain by Communist groups in this country.

AT HOME. In Pennsylvania, the A. F. of L. endorsed Republican Senator James J. Davis for reelection. The C. I. O. threw its support to the Democratic candidate, Governor Earle. . . . Hard-boiled New York was impressed by a spectacle of Faith it had rarely, if ever, seen before. As the body of Patrick Cardinal Hayes lay in state, enormous throngs lined the streets, day and night, waited patiently for hours to enter the Cathedral, pay last homage to his remains. During the Requiem Mass, 100,000 persons stood outside the Cathedral. Three Cardinals, the Apostolic Delegate, thirteen Archbishops, fifty-three Bishops, two Prefects-Apostolic, one Abbot, a Bishop-elect added solemnity to the rites inside. . . . Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie, Pa., returning from Spain, declared that "Communist cruelty and slaughter had consigned more than 11,000 Spanish priests and seminarians

to martyr's graves." In his statement which was printed in the *New York Times*, Bishop Gannon said he believed the American people would favor General Franco's Spain were it not for the false reports which propagandists have spread over the United States.

THE PRIMARIES. President Roosevelt's "purge" ran into further rebuffs. Senator Millard E. Tydings, high on the list of "purgees," won the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Maryland by a vote of landside proportions over his Roosevelt-endorsed rival, Representative David J. Lewis. . . . In Georgia, Senator Walter F. George, marked by the President for retirement from the Senate, forged ahead in popular votes. Running close behind him was a bitter critic of the Roosevelt Administration, former Governor Eugene Talmadge. A poor third was the Roosevelt candidate, Lawrence Camp. . . . The Connecticut Democratic convention nominated Senator Augustine Lonergan as its candidate for the United States Senate. Senator Lonergan voted against the Roosevelt court plan and the Reorganization Bill. . . . Maine held the regular elections while other States were battling in primaries. Democratic chairman, James A. Farley, asked Maine to elect Democrats and "get in step" with the nation. Maine answered by giving the Republicans a clean sweep, returning Governor Lewis O. Barrows to office and electing three Republican Representatives to Congress. All three Representatives elected are supporters of the Townsend Plan. . . . The Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures made public charges of wholesale violations of the law in the Kentucky primary campaign by WPA officials and agents of the Social Security Board.

GERMANY. Arousing tumults of applause at the Nuremberg Nazi congress, Field Marshal Goering declared the Reich will not allow harm to be done to the Sudeten Germans. He referred to the Czechs as "a chit of a race devoid of culture," warned unfriendly Powers, pronounced Germany invincible. . . . In his final utterance at Nuremberg, Hitler demanded: ". . . the oppression of Sudeten Germans must end and the right of self-determination must be given to them." The Fuehrer called President Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia a liar. While millions of Germans listened in, and the frenzied throng before him interrupted repeatedly with shouts of "Heil," Hitler declared the situation in Czechoslovakia was "intolerable." The present inhabitants were forced without being consulted to accept the status of subjects of the Prague Government "by the fabrication made at Versailles," he asserted. Concerning the 3,500,000 Sudeten Ger-

mans he said: "The German nation cannot tolerate this oppression and I most earnestly ask foreign statesmen to believe this is not a mere phrase." . . . The Czech Government proclaimed martial law in the Sudeten areas. Sudeten leader, Konrad Henlein, delivered an ultimatum to Prague demanding lifting of the martial-law order. Prague ignored the ultimatum. . . . Pitched battles broke out in various Sudeten sections between Czechs and Germans. Thirteen Czechs, ten Germans were killed. Number of wounded on both sides mounted to seventy-five. . . . In a desperate and unprecedented effort to avert a European war, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Britain flew to Germany to consult with Chancellor Hitler.

MEXICO. President Cárdenas, speaking at the opening of the International Peace Conference in Mexico City, assailed the principles outlined in recent United States notes concerning indemnity for American-owned lands seized by the Mexican Government. Such principles could lead to war, Cárdenas declared. He characterized the practice of nations' protecting their citizens abroad as "an absurd foreign theory," spoke of the necessity of forming a "continental American navy." . . . Communist Vicente Lombardo Toledano was elected first president of the new Confederation of Workers of Latin America. . . . In a bull ring in Mexico City, John L. Lewis, C. I. O. chief, spoke to 50,000 Mexicans. His speech was in connection with the meeting in Mexico City of the International Congress Against War and Fascism, a Communist organization. Red flags waved throughout the bull ring as Mr. Lewis commenced his address, which dealt with the danger of Fascism in the United States, skipped mentioning the threat of Communism. . . . During a meeting of the World Congress Against War and Fascism, the Minister of Justice in the present Leftist Government in Barcelona, Ramon Gonzalez Peña, rushed at a Puerto Rican delegate, attempted to punch him.

SPAIN. In the Ebro River sector, Generalissimo Franco's columns were slowly driving the Red army back to the bridgehead at Mora de Ebro, the only one in the Communists' possession. Fourteen lines of enemy trenches were captured in three days by the Franco forces. The Leftist loss thus far in the Ebro operations amounted to 70,000 in dead, wounded and prisoners, Nationalists reported. . . . The Franco army reoccupied Fatarella, lying ten miles northeast of Gandesa and said to be an important key position. The Leftists in this vicinity were using an extraordinary number of machine guns to compensate for their artillery weakness.

GREAT BRITAIN. Prime Minister Chamberlain forwarded the following message to Hitler, German Fuehrer: "In view of the increasingly critical situation, I propose to come over at once to see you with the view of trying to find a peaceful solution.

I propose to come across by air and am ready to start tomorrow (September 15). Please indicate the earliest time at which you can see me and suggest a place of meeting. I should be grateful for a very early reply." . . . Chancellor Hitler replied at once he would be pleased to see Mr. Chamberlain September 15. Doughty, seventy-year-old Chamberlain stepped into a plane near London, headed for Germany in a dramatic move which had no precedent in the annals of British diplomacy.

ITALY. In a letter to Viscount Runciman, British mediator, Premier Mussolini of Italy recommended a plebiscite for "all Czechoslovakian nationalities." "If Hitler wanted to annex 3,500,000 Czechs, Europe would be right in being moved and moving. But Hitler is not thinking of that," the letter said, adding: "A Czechoslovak nation does not exist." The plebiscite would eliminate "a focal center of disorder and disquiet," the letter maintained. The official organ of the Italian Foreign Office expressed the belief that irresponsible forces controlled by Moscow and Paris were striving to take advantage of the Sudeten crisis to bring about an ideological war. . . . The Italian Government sponsored a statement advocating separation of the Sudeten territory from Czechoslovakia as the only method of averting war.

CHINA-JAPAN. After regaining Kwangtsi, Chinese troops held it but a short time. Nipponese forces re-entered the town which was described as a shambles because of Japanese bombing. Fresh soldiers were poured by the Japanese high command into the offensive which moved slowly north of the Yangtze River toward Hankow. It moved in two columns about 125 miles apart. One column aimed at Hsuechang, forty miles south of the Lung-Hai Railway junction; the other at Sinyang, 100 miles north of Hankow. . . . Japanese authorities reported the deadlock between their forces and the Chinese south of the Yangtze River was broken west of Juichang, when the Nipponese broke through Chinese lines and advanced close to the Hupeh border. . . . Matowchen, situated on the south bank of the Yangtze River, was captured by the Japanese army, aided by a naval landing party.

FOOTNOTES. The dictatorship in Greece issued a decree restricting missionary activity. Under the new laws, proselyting for any religion except the Greek Orthodox will mean prison for Greek citizens, expulsion for foreigners. . . . British at the League of Nations headquarters in Geneva charge Russia is maneuvering toward war. Bolshevik Foreign Minister Litvinoff assailed British policy, charged Britain and France had forced Czechoslovakian President Benes to make concessions and thus spoiled matters. . . . All the chief Bolshevik Ambassadors gathered in Geneva to consult with Litvinoff. . . . Following crushing of the revolt in Chile, a four-month state of siege was proclaimed.

CORRESPONDENCE

LITURGICAL TONGUES

EDITOR: In two interesting articles in your issue for September 10, the various rites and languages of the Mass are discussed and in one of the articles you invite information on the subject.

The only light I can shed on the matter is to inform the readers of AMERICA that the jeweled glass windows in the sanctuary of Sacred Heart Church are devoted exclusively to the Mass. The windows are divided into twelve medallions, depicting twelve of the nineteen diversified rites of the Catholic Church.

Forming a border around the entire twelve medallions are the Words of Consecration in the actual letters of each of the twelve different languages employed in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. These twelve languages are Latin, Coptic, Arabic, Slavonic, Greek, Ethiopic, Georgian, Hungarian, Syrian in both forms, eastern and western, Armenian and Rumanian.

These jeweled glass windows are not a copy of anything in existence. They strike a new note and required several years of research by scholars both in Europe and in America.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

(REV.) T. F. COAKLEY

PAINED

EDITOR: Your admission to AMERICA (August 13) of Lewis' *The Play's the Thing*, a glorification of the Abbey Players, especially the most vicious and anti-Catholic and therefore anti-Irish of the lot—Yeats, Synge, O'Casey, etc.—was a shocking surprise. Even the *Play Boy of the Western World* is presented as a master illustration of peasant folkways. Yeats and Synge, Lewis' supreme Irish idealists, wrote and published much worse even than that, and O'Casey, the hard realist of the proselytizing factory that schooled the brat in anti-Irish and anti-Catholic hate but neither in literary art nor in the decencies of life, is exhibited as another supreme fashioner of the dream of Ireland, free and beautiful.

The fact is that the Yeats, Synge, Gregory crowd and most of their clientele are anti-Catholic in their marrow and aimed—Yeats professedly so—to sweep away Irish Catholic ideals and traditions and rebuild a pagan Ireland infused with the dregs of their Protestant prejudice. Had you read all their plays and productions, as I made it my business to do when I wrote about them in AMERICA twenty-five years ago and have largely been doing since, you could not from either the Irish or Catholic viewpoint have given harborage to this idealization of the most insidious anti-Irish and anti-Catholic propaganda. It is the more insidious that

they have occasional plays of better type. Edward Martyn, who endeavored vainly to Irish them and their project in *The Heather Field* and otherwise, withdrew in disgust, and Douglas Hyde and others soon withdrew also, and left Yeats and Gregory to vulgarize Deirdre and Brian Boru after the manner of O'Casey.

It is really painful to me to find you thus spoiling the splendid record of your editing. I trust you will make true and full compensation.

Spring Hill, Ala.

M. K.

DYNAMITE

EDITOR: The following lines, one would surmise, were culled from a sermon by Saint Leo or by one of the early Church Fathers:

Just men, don't fear the empty power of
men at all;

Although they be of high station, they are
just like us:

If you are mortal, they are mortal just like you.

The actual author was Jean Jacques Rousseau, the radical who, two centuries ago, fed the French people a nectareal poison that seeped through their bodies for four decades and then took its deadly effect, which effect is popularly known as the French Revolution. These lines are part of his *Ode tirée du Psaume xlviii*. Rousseau the degenerate, the man whose cry was "Back to nature!" actually drew his material from the Holy Scriptures.

Observe how sensible these lines appear at first glance. They express precisely what the Church holds—the souls of men are created equal. But another glance discloses the subversive element resident therein. Authority is flouted. The dynamite his works contained exploded forty years later.

Today there is another force working in the same fashion, using Papal Encyclicals and Church doctrines to further its cause. It is allying itself with movements that are praiseworthy in themselves—peace, social justice, etc. Communism is no longer minatory, it is hortatory!

Some Catholics have already been deceived. Our Lord's words are pertinent: "Be ye wise as serpents and simple as doves."

Wernersville, Pa.

VINCENT M. McNALLY

PHILADELPHIANITIS

EDITOR: All right, all right! I give up! Quit needing me!

Here's three dollars and three names on your fifteen-week offer. I think it is marvelous, but I'm so darned broke it isn't even funny. This money I was hoarding to get me a new permanent wave, but you've had me so worried over your dog-goned

fifteen-week offer that my resistance has broken down completely; so here it is.

Only don't tell these good folks who instigated this idea, because they think I do a little too much needling on my own account as it is. I agree one hundred per cent with Mr. Oebbecke, whose letter I thoroughly enjoyed, and whom I happen to know by sight, as he attends Saint Joseph's Evening School of Social Sciences, as does yours truly.

Philadelphians don't even know there is any other city on the map. But their ignorance is due to lack of instruction. I believe that whether they like it or not they should be subjected each Sunday (the only time they can be caught) to an intensive discourse on the ills of the world and their conscientious duty to "do something about it."

The three gentlemen I have selected for our little "experiment" are all in a position to really "do something about it" if they could be stirred up. Philadelphia, Pa.

MARGARET STREET

PEACE AND JUSTICE

EDITOR: Mr. Ward Clarke in his article, *Peace at Any Price With or Without Justice* (AMERICA, August 20), in my opinion misinterprets the "extreme pacifist" when he states the extreme pacifist, in asserting "war is always wrong," maintains "there is no evil that would not be tolerable in comparison with war." Reduced to simpler terms "there is no evil that would not be tolerable in comparison with war" means "any other evil is more tolerable than war." To say that war is always evil is not to say that any other evil is more tolerable. Neither does the tolerability of an evil determine the degree of its deviation from the right.

Mr. Clarke asserts that the most powerful argument used in proof of the proposition that war is always wrong "runs to the effect that states have the same ethical relationship towards one another as individuals should always have." He admits that the Decalog "has sanction over states as well as over individuals," but denies that a state is bound by the counsels of perfection or may turn the other cheek and remain a state. There seems to be no question in his mind as to the desirability of the *status quo* of the state. In effect he claims right is to be determined by its evident and immediate effects, and that the state has a duty to perpetuate itself provided it keeps within the Ten Commandments liberally interpreted.

In my opinion the state is bound by the same law as the individual person, for the state is not an inanimate object but merely a collection of persons, and it has no more right to perpetuate itself at the expense of justice than has the individual person. Christian martyrs died rather than act contrary to the dictates of Christ. Christian states should do the same. To say that Christian persons collected in a state are not bound by the dictates of Christ because a state is limited in duration is tantamount to claiming organization decreases responsibility. To make of the Christian state a being with power to act but without responsibility to God because of

its limited duration, is to relieve the Christians who compose the state from their duty of exemplifying Christian precepts.

Mr. Clarke holds the state "cannot give up those fundamental rights which are necessary for it to fulfil its mission of helping men while they are here on earth." What help does man need from the state that God cannot give, and what temporal assistance compares with that which comes from being led into the way of Christ?

San Francisco, Calif.

E. J.

FALTERING LEADERS

EDITOR: One of the reasons for the disintegration of present-day Protestantism was strongly brought to my attention last Sunday, when I chanced to tune in on the University of Chicago chapel service. The president of the Chicago Theological Seminary was giving the sermon, and his subject was the present changing views on most all subjects facing mankind today.

He prefaced his remarks by saying that, as the present vogue of wearing grey, blue, green, yellow and smoked glasses was giving a different aspect to the materialistic world that we see, so too were present conditions changing views long held regarding economic, social and religious problems. Touching on the former, he said that basically there was nothing to be alarmed about as level-headed Americans would see that we did not run wild.

Then referring to religious views he said that many were becoming alarmed over the fact that many Christians were losing faith and interest in the Bible. "But," he said, "if we will just remember that the Bible is only the history of a few men who lived some 2,000 years ago, and that today or tomorrow other similar histories will be written in the light of the present-day problems and conditions, this losing interest in the history of those few men will not worry us." Not a word about the Bible being the Word of God which changes not; not a word of its fundamentals without which as a foundation no religious structure can long stand.

Is it any wonder that men who are sent out as leaders of the people with such ideas cannot maintain a hold on those who think and long for substantial spiritual food?

Some years ago, I recall a Methodist minister addressing a body of ministers in our Chicago Y.M.C.A. and saying to them: "We ministers are preaching to people that on which we are not sure ourselves."

At the time I took the liberty of writing the Reverend to say that what he had said was a pitiful confession; and I invited him to investigate Catholicism, which had a definite Faith, knew what it believed and preached, and why.

Just to what extent the Chicago Theological Seminary's anemic theology is representative of the rest of the Protestant schools I do not know, but it must be indicative of the causes for the present weakening of Protestantism.

Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES D. MOORE

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SECOND CHILDHOOD: EVENING DIALOG

THOMAS BUTLER

THEY walked along the drive until they were tired, and then they sat on the grass and took off their shoes. The two of them were old. They looked at the big boat anchored in the middle of the river, at the lights in the boat that seemed fallen stars, and at the colored lights, across the water on the opposite bank, strewn out before their eyes like an exploded sunset.

Andrew and Bernard were their names. Andrew was medium and stocky; Bernard was tall and slim. Andrew had a derby beside him; Bernard a straw. Andrew had thick grey hair; Bernard was bald. Andrew looked like Napoleon; Bernard like Caesar. The eyes of both were dark-brown, and filled with a mocking sweetness. Andrew leaned back and propped himself with his arms; Bernard bent forward, his arms between his knees. Behind them the world was drifting and sweeping by. They didn't mind. They know they were out of the running and the going, and would soon be very dead.

They both had had a couple of beers, and as eleven o'clock spoke up from somewhere around them, so did Andrew to Bernard.

Andrew: What's that?

Bernard: Sounds like a violin.

Andrew: I don't see any violin.

Bernard: Must be that boat out there.

Andrew: Bet it's gonna take off.

Bernard: I hope so. I don't like boats.

Andrew (calling out to the boat): Hey, out there! Happy landing!

Bernard: Can't hear. Too far.

Andrew: It's still there.

Bernard: Must be havin' trouble with the motors.

Andrew: Why don'cha go over and fix it . . . you were a motorman.

(They both chuckle.)

Bernard (shouting to the boat): Happy New Year!

(They shake from side to side with laughter.)

Andrew: Ben . . . you're the funniest guy I ever met.

Bernard: Who? Me?

Andrew: As far as I know you're the funniest. . . . Let me think now!

Bernard: When did I ever meet you?

Andrew: Don't interrupt! . . . Yeh! . . . 'At's right! . . . You're the funniest!

Bernard (turning around and looking gravely at his pal): When did I ever meet you?

Andrew: How do you like this country?

Bernard: What country?

Andrew: I forget.

(They are silent for a while.)

Bernard: Feel cold?

Andrew: Naw! . . . Ben, let's you and me sit here all winter.

Bernard: Can't. Gotta get home to put a wreath on my father's grave.

Andrew: Is he dead?

Bernard: I think so.

Andrew: I'm sorry.

Bernard: He was hung.

Andrew: Hung? What for?

Bernard: For horse stealin'.

Andrew: I didn't know your family had horses.

Bernard: But my father wouldna got hung, except he couldn't remember the name of the guy who didn't see him do it.

Andrew: What a piker that guy turned out to be.

Bernard: If you was the guy, would you have been remembered?

Andrew: I'da jumped right out of your father's mouth, I woulda . . . and all over the judge's ears.

Bernard: What judge?

Andrew: Why . . . the judge that told your father to go and be hung!

Bernard: My father didn't have no judge! . . . It was my mother what hung him.

Andrew: Your father's wife?

Bernard: Yeh! My grandfather's daughter!

Andrew: I didn't know your grandfather had a daughter.

Bernard: Sure he did. . . . A bouncing baby girl.

Andrew: Let's send him a telegram.

Bernard (shouting at the boat in the river): Callin' Western Union!

Andrew (likewise to the boat): Get offen me lap and take a telegram!

(They pat one another on the back, and laugh and laugh.)

Bernard: Yeh! . . . It was my mother what hung my father.

Andrew: Deliberately?

Bernard: Sure! . . . My mother was hangin' out the clothes one evenin', when my father came home with another horse. She finished hangin' up my sister Annabella's little frock, and then she turned to my father and said, "You're next!" And she hung him.

Andrew: Nice name, Annabella!

Bernard: All my sisters got nice names, Lord have mercy on 'em. . . . Let me see, now . . . there's Annabella and . . . well, anyhow they all had nice names.

Andrew: I had a sister once and she had a nice name. But I forget.

Bernard: Of course my father didn't really die when he was hung.

Andrew: No?

Bernard: Naw! . . . He was strung up to an apple tree, an' one of my little sisters looked up at him and asked him to throw her down an apple . . . and then another one of the kids asked him for a nickel for the foreign missions, and my father said his money was in his other pants in the dining room, and that brought tears to my mother's eyes.

Andrew: The eternal woman!

Bernard: Sure! . . . And then my mother asked my father if it hurt. An' he said it did; and she said it was all imagination. An' one of the kids came out of the house with a bottle of Sloan's Liniment.

Andrew: What was you doin' all this time?

Bernard: Me? Why, all this time I was ridin' around on the horse.

Andrew: I didn't know you could ride a horse.

Bernard: Sure! Didcha ever see me walk? I always walk as though I had a horse under me. . . . Wouldn't be without one.

Andrew: 'At's funny, I always thought it was rheumatism.

Bernard: Naw! It's a horse. . . . Well, anyways, my mother grew soft-hearted when she saw her husband like an apple up in the tree, and 'specially when the baby pipes up and told him to write every day. But what really clinched it was Annabella. She was the only one of us kids who ever studied her catechism, and when my mother heard that she had run off to get the priest, she ups and cut my father down.

Andrew: So he didn't die after all?

Bernard: Naw! . . . He said he coulda stood it hours longer. Got a lot of practise from wearin' tight collars, he said.

Andrew: But I thought you said your father was dead?

Bernard: Oh, he died, alright.

Andrew: How did he finally die.

Bernard: Ridin' a motorcycle at the age of ninety-seven.

Andrew: Daylight savin'?

Bernard: Naw! It was at night. He was comin' home from tobogganin' an' he was late as it was. He knew my mother would be worryin', so he tried to make it fast. He went right by our house a mile a minute tryin' to rein in the motorcycle by pullin'

on the handle bars. He kept yellin' "Whoa!" to the bike, but the thing kept goin' an' ran right into a mountain three miles down the line. He's never been heard from since.

Andrew: Was your mother sorry?

Bernard: She cried and cried, because it was her favorite motorcycle.

Andrew: Dincha ever find him?

Bernard: Annabella nearly found him. She saw a strange man roamin' around the mountain, but when she asked him if he was her father he said, "No!"

Andrew: Too bad.

Bernard: So I can't sit here all winter, because I gotta go an lay a wreath on my father's grave.

Andrew: But how do you know where's his grave?

Bernard: Oh, I just climb to the top of the mountain and scale it down into the valley . . . like they do for sailors drowned at sea.

Andrew: Oh!

(They are silent for a while.)

Bernard: Feel cold?

Andrew: Here! Put this around you.

(He takes off his coat and puts it around his partner.)

Bernard: Now, you'll be cold.

Andrew: Not me! I'm not cold. I'm as warm as hot milk.

Bernard: Don't know what's a matter lately. I get so cold. I think I'll go and hire meself out for a frigidaire.

(A leaf falls in front of them.)

Andrew: What's that?

Bernard: Must be a bird. . . . O poor lil' bird, lost in a forest of stone.

Andrew: What forest of stone?

Bernard: New York.

Andrew: Don't you like New York anymore?

Bernard: I don't mean nothin' to New York any more. What's New York, anyhow? In the day, just a cheap imitation of mountains; and in the night, just a cheap imitation of stars.

Andrew: How about the people?

Bernard: We're too old for people . . . except you and me.

Andrew: This is our las' visit, I guess.

Bernard: We're too far gone to come here any more.

Andrew: Won't we even come back for the World's Affair?

Bernard: Too far away. By that time the World's Affair won't be our affair any longer.

Andrew: Then we won't have to worry about the world for ever and ever?

Bernard: The world grows smaller and smaller . . . an' Heaven's in the East.

Andrew: Heaven's in the East! . . . Ben! . . . Let's go home!

They put on their shoes, rise, put on their hats, stretch, take one final look around and amble off. Andrew, coatless under his derby, walking like a man going up a gang plank; Bernard, double-coated under his straw, walking like a man riding a horse. They head for the Grand Central, the night train and Detroit.

BOOKS

THE UNCROWNED KING OF IRELAND

KING OF THE BEGGARS. By Seán O'Faoláin. The Viking Press. \$3.50

DISFRANCHISED, penalized, persecuted, crushed beneath the tyrant's heel, foiled in their endeavors to shake off the galling yoke of slavery, betrayed by their masters—such a people, without hope, leader or any political sense, given fresh hope, an awakened political conscience, welded for common effort into an organized body, was the marvelous achievement of one man's life time. With the Wild Geese in flight to France after the parley and surrender at Limerick, Irish skies were lowering and Irish hopes struck the nadir of futility. The Gaelic bards bewailed the exodus of their patrons and cursed the evil day that had befallen the country. Yet less than another century shall have passed before a new vision spreads over the land, a new voice is heard calling on the beggars to begin the building of a new nation "out of your own four bare bones—out of your bitter courage neither to submit nor yield."

Under the stimulus of Frank O'Connor, *King of the Beggars*—more of a study after the Strachey manner than a biography—maintains that James' overthrow in Ireland was also the disruption and passing of the old Gaelic State, of the old aristocratic order, to await the liberation of the Beggars' King, who welded the liberated helots into the first Irish popular democracy. That there was a liberation and a Liberator is history. To identify this particular period with the collapse of an effete aristocracy, at odds with the interests of the people, is a thesis, debatable and contentious.

One of the achievements of *King of the Beggars* is that of rescuing the massive proportions of the Liberator from the puny pricks and aspersions of our patriots who add nothing to their own stature by taking from the Emancipator's. O'Connell's bargaining for Emancipation against Repeal, the disfranchisement of the small freeholders, the slurs cast on his choice of moral force and the canceling of the Clontarf meeting are made to play too large a part in the Young Ireland retrospect. Just as attempts to belittle the earlier revolutionaries by the later help the interests neither of truth nor progress. The fact is that O'Connell, Mitchel, Davis, Parnell, Davitt, Griffith, Collins, deValera have, with their varying successes and mistakes, contributed to the present *status quo* of achievement.

A similar detachment from the idols of the twentieth-century market place would have been desirable in this otherwise splendid work. In matters which deeply touch the Irish conscience, the People's Tribune hardly gets an even break from his biographer. I will pass over the attributed equivocation and duplicity of conscience except to remark that the strained testimony adduced left me unconvinced, while the lengthy digression on the relative intrinsic malice of sins against Faith *versus* sins against morals left me a good deal bored. If O'Connell, lawyer and politician, in his use of the *double entendre* lets the biographer down, might it not be that a modern Liberal naively maps his hero's conduct under the light of the finer distinctions of moral theology?

Seán O'Faoláin is quite assertive on O'Connell's supposed Deism. No doubt, he was influenced during his law-student days by the current Rationalism and Deism. Just as it was popular for the young medicos later on to profess allegiance to Darwinism. That he was infected by unbelief enough to affect his Catholic practice in his early years at the Bar appears certain. But that this persevered up to his later years and through his fight

for Emancipation is neither the popular tradition, the verdict of the historian nor proved by the author. It is certainly an exaggeration to call his hero "a private radical to whom all religions were equally good." His treatment of O'Connell's fidelity to his marriage vows looks like a concession to our Freudian sex-ridden age. While a highly skilful literary craftsman, he is not so successful as lay theologian; a difficult, complex field.

The perspective and proportion on Emancipation and the Veto Question look out of joint. The author may have cut his cloth to the measure of the recent biographies. Without going deeper into the question, I prefer to stick by Archbishop MacHale on the educational question and the Queen's Colleges; if his intransigence kept Ireland for a century without university training, that same century has brought us the Holy Father's Encyclical on Education to vindicate the position of the Lion of Tuam.

It is no small task for a writer as vivid, personal and modern as Seán O'Faoláin to don the robe of biographical detachment and doff all the idols, clichés and pet dogmas. He has always professed himself a Liberal and as such he writes here. But these are only patches, minor blemishes of a really notable book. He has spread for us a wide canvas and drawn his hero in the majestic proportions, right worthy of *Dhomhnail Uí Chonnail*, no small tribute to Seán O'Faoláin.

It is the Catholic Book Club's anniversary selection for November, whose readers will get their money's worth in this artistic, illustrated volume. WILLIAM J. BENN

THE ERA EMBATTLED

THE CHURCH AND THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Raymond Corrigan, S.J. Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.50
CARDINAL NEWMAN reminds us that the Church is ever militant. Sometimes she is victorious, sometimes she returns to the catacombs, and more often she is at once winning and losing in different parts of the world. The fortune of the battle is always doubtful, even though the ultimate issue is not doubtful. The Church makes progress by means of reverses. Her sorrows are her consolations. It is so in every age. It was so in the nineteenth century—a noble age of unprecedented expansion and scientific achievement, but likewise an age of perversity and error that bequeathed to our generation many tarnished and sordid monuments.

The most fundamental fact in any intelligible philosophy of history is the conflict between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Satan. In this brief, popular, introductory survey of the hostile relations between the Church and the bourgeois, secular age of Napoleon, Metternich and Victoria, Father Corrigan vividly portrays the dominant forces and the resourceful personalities who, for good and evil, molded the destiny of European and world culture in the embattled era that stretches from the French Revolution to the Dreyfus affair.

When Pius VI died in 1799, many agnostics boasted that there would be no more popes. In 1837 von Ranke asserted that "the day of papal power is gone forever." After the fury of Bismark's *Kulturkampf* had spent itself, a strong anti-clerical movement began in France. A satanic effort was made, as the century ended, to destroy all religion in Italy.

The Church suffered humiliation, spoliation and defeat; yet she triumphed.

Pius VII restored and rehabilitated the Society of Jesus. Leo XII reorganized the Church in the new republics of South America. Gregory XVI and Pius IX strongly condemned the pseudo-science and pseudo-philosophy of the age and stimulated a marvelous regeneration of spiritual forces. Leo XIII was, in the fullest sense of the word, a truly great Pope. The Church inspired many eminent Saints, statesmen, scholars and social reformers—the Curé of Ars, O'Connell, Chateaubriand, Ozanam—who not only fought courageously against a veritable flood of errors but laid the foundations of a truly Christian social order.

Father Corrigan does not attempt a panoramic view of the century. Very little space is devoted to the Church in the United States. Asia is ignored. Africa is not mentioned. South America is passed over. The scene of action is arbitrarily restricted to five countries—Italy, France, Germany, England and Ireland. In justification of this treatment it is alleged, first, that in this restricted European area are to be found all that could influence the attitude of the Church toward the century and the century toward the Church, and secondly, that it is impossible to broaden the scene of action geographically without producing a library instead of a volume. While this reviewer is inclined to deny both allegations, he hastens to add that the excellence of the present work is so unimpeachable that his only regret is that Father Corrigan did not write, not a better, but a larger book.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

FAMILIES FALL APART

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW. By Charles G. Norris.

Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

IT is Laura, second wife of Jerome Barnes Kennedy who wails the words that give this novel its title. She believes in her whining and ineffectual way that the education of youth, with religion excluded, is a mad attempt at the formation of citizenry—it is the effort to build bricks without straw. But then poor Laura is only a relic of an age and a culture that are gone. She has no awareness of her times. She is just a hopeless, feckless, unprogressive female introduced by the author as a cushion from which his smarter characters can carom as they call their modern shots. Her banker husband and her collegiate children recognize her for exactly that, and plan their lives without her futile interference.

I think the story has a moral, but I am almost afraid to say that it boils down to the bearded, limping, toothless adage that "boys will be boys." We have Jerome Kennedy as a growing young man living in hot disagreement with a strict Presbyterian father, cutting himself away from a humdrum home existence, meeting his world and falling quite casually into a series of sexual calamities, marrying and returning with wife and baby to the old homestead in the prospect of getting some daily bread and butter. He finds his brother and sister as bitterly rebellious as he is, and watches inert as their particular tragedies unfold. He learns in this phase of his existence that syphilis is a rather sinister punishment often visited on those who seek sexual adventure too enthusiastically.

Years pass, as years will, and Jerome in the second part of the narrative sits at the head of the table and watches his own family fall apart. He has divorced his first wife and is respectably married to a spineless nobody called Laura. They dote on their progeny, George, Marianne and Bill. They resolve to avoid at all costs the heavy parent rôle and win the confidence of their children by applying at all times the "good pal, understanding pattern." It grows awkward, however, when Bill becomes a notorious drunkard, George begins living with a woman he has no intention of marrying, and Marianne writes home from Hollywood for money to

procure an abortion. She feels it would be hard on mother for her to keep her baby. And so on, and so on.

Mr. Norris is called the great American realist, but he reveals a dirty world, and a too facile pen in the depiction of evils of the lives about which he writes. It proves nothing, can do no conceivable good. If there is a breath of philosophy in the book, it is fatalistic—and the morality, if any, is Mohammedan.

R. J. McINNIS

THE FOLLY OF INSTALMENT BUYING. By Roger W.

Babson. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50

WRITTEN with a view to instruct the consumer in the folly of instalment purchases, this work aims to improve the economic life of the nation. The ultimate consumer is shown to pay higher prices as well as exorbitant interest charges; he mortgages his future and makes of himself an economic slave. The United States Government itself is used as an example and is criticized because its present borrow-and-spend campaign amounts to nothing more than an instalment purchase which places the credit of the nation in jeopardy.

From a broader point of view Mr. Babson discusses the effects of instalment purchases on the economic order. He concludes that, because such purchases accentuate the expansion of credit in boom times, the violence of credit contractions in depression times is thereby increased. Universal cash payments are proposed as the means of avoiding the difficulties arising from instalment purchases. Anticipating no universal acceptance of this proposal, the author exhorts all consumers to make their instalment purchases judiciously. To further such a policy rules are given for the consumer.

The reader must at the outset accustom himself to the idea that Mr. Babson writes for the general consuming public. This fact does much to explain the popular style and naive examples. However, even making due allowance for the unscientific nature of the work, one is dismayed at the amount of repetition, and at the array of phenomena supposedly caused by instalment purchases.

RAYMOND F. X. CAHILL

WITNESSES TO CHRIST. By the Most Reverend Alban

Goodier, S.J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.25

"If John (the Evangelist), as he did, taught so vehemently the love of men for one another, it was because he saw, with the vision that was more than that of men, that it rested, and could only rest, on the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, the true Son of God." This is a typical passage in the latest study into the life and character of our Saviour, with which Archbishop Goodier is enriching ascetical and scriptural literature. May be long continue to place us under similar obligations.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

BETWEEN SLEEPING AND WAKING. By Dorothy Charques. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

AN EVENTFUL day it was in the life of young Eric Petersen when his casual journey through England brought him to Lynn House and its unusual occupants. Here he found hospitality, romance and considerable worry; including the serious dilemma of choosing one of two sisters as his wife. Eventually the death of one found him free to marry the other.

There is a melancholy strain throughout the story which centers largely around Agnes who had experienced a tragic romance and a consequent mental shock which left her in a strangely mental state between "sleeping and waking." Her various calm and troubled moods are accurately analyzed by the author. But the impression conveyed to the reader is none too cheerful.

Some of the natural descriptive scenes are delicately and artistically drawn but there is a tendency to make them too prominent, especially at the beginning of several chapters. Parts of the novel are marked by passages of poignant interest and easy dialog. If you like the story of a troubled mind trying to work out its own problems of life, you will enjoy Mrs. Charques' detailed study.

FRANCIS E. LOW

ART

THIS week I should like to draw attention to three publications which, because of their specialized nature, are rather unlikely to be known to readers of AMERICA. Two of them deal with art; the third is in itself a work of art.

Americans in general have always been remarkably little interested in the history of American art, particularly in its earlier period. Perhaps this lack of interest has arisen from a certain feeling of inferiority which has led us to believe that there was little of real merit produced in this country until recently; we have continuously been over-impressed with the artistic superiority of Europe and have neglected our own heritage.

The recent tercentenary of the founding of New Sweden (Delaware) suggested an exhibition of art to accompany it, and one of its important sections consists of an excellent exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of the paintings of Gustavus Hesselius, for which a careful catalog was prepared, with an introduction by Henri Marceau and a sketch of the artist's life by Christian Brinton. Probably very few readers of AMERICA have ever even heard Hesselius's name mentioned. Yet he was a competent portrait painter, one of the first professional artists in the colonies, the first artist in the English-speaking colonies to be commissioned to paint a picture for the adornment of a public building—an ancestor, if you like, of the WPA—and the first painter in these colonies to do a religious subject.

Hesselius's brother Andreas in 1711 sailed for America to become pastor of the Swedish church at Christina, near Wilmington, and Gustavus went along as a companion. Not long after the brothers' arrival, Gustavus moved to Philadelphia as being a better place from which to conduct his affairs, and he continued to make Maryland and Philadelphia his home until he died in 1755. During his years of artistic activity naturally he very largely concerned himself with painting portraits. Of these two of the most interesting—they are among the very few extant of their sort—are the portraits of Indian chiefs of the Lenni-Lenape tribe commissioned by John Penn (1735).

But what really distinguished Hesselius is the considerable amount of mural painting and decoration which he did for churches and public buildings. In this he was unique among colonial painters. Indeed in addition to executing various decorations and paintings—among them decoration for the Old State House (Independence Hall)—he even built an organ, the first made in the colonies, for the Moravian Congregation in Bethlehem, Pa.

The depression years since 1929 have witnessed the gradual elimination of a considerable number of American art magazines; Hitler's regime in Germany has had a bad effect on German publications of the sort; only the English, French and Italian artistic journals have remained largely the same as ever. It is with real pleasure that one must therefore welcome the publication of the *Art Quarterly*, a general yet scholarly review devoted to the fine arts, particularly to painting and sculpture, and published by the Detroit Institute of Fine Arts under the distinguished editorship of Dr. W. R. Valentiner and Mr. E. P. Richardson. It is admirably printed and should prove a welcome addition to an impoverished department of periodical literature.

The third publication is a truly magnificent edition of Roper's life of Sir Thomas More published in very limited numbers by the Golden Eagle Press of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Paper, binding, choice of type and the frontispiece portrait (Holbein) are all that could be desired, and every lover of Saint Thomas More should be grateful to the publishers for having given so fine a physical form to one of the chief documents we have for a study of this Saint's life.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

PENDING the opening of the big productions, which have not yet made their September bow as I write these lines, Broadway is discussing the two important theatrical developments of the month. The first, and it is full of human interest is the permanent retirement of little Peter Holden, child star of *On Borrowed Time*, from his role of Pud in that record-breaker.

The retirement is instructive as well as interesting. It gives the public another reason for approving the law's paternal attitude toward children on the stage. It shows us that even with the wisest care and family supervision it is extremely hard for youngsters of tender years to survive without ill effect the varied strains of stage work.

At first, Peter seemed one of the few who could do it. He loved his role. He was devoted to Dudley Digges, his grandfather in the play and his close friend and protector both on and off the stage. All last winter the pair of them gave New York the best team-work any two stars were offering us. Between times, little Peter's life was regulated according to all the best rules. Apparently he had plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise, plenty of association with other small boys, and plenty of study. Apparently he threw on this work.

Then, misguidedly, Peter took a brief summer vacation. Rest and idleness were too much for him. He returned to the city ill, and had to take another brief vacation. He again resumed his role in the play, and once more fell ill. Now he has permanently retired from the cast, and little Tommy Lewis, who is wearing the most expansive grin of the season at the prospect, has been engaged to fill his place. The explanation of the retirement is not that Peter is a delicate boy. He is a husky lad for his tender years, and he has always been well. But no one can deny, though some producers try to, that stage children are subjected to a terrific strain. They are doing double work. On each of the two matinee days a week they are at the theatre between seven and eight hours. Six nights a week they are there about three hours and a half each night, leading an adult's life in a wholly artificial atmosphere. Theoretically, they sleep late the next morning. But the law's stern and proper determination that their education shall not be neglected means either school attendance for them or hours of tutoring at home. There is not much time left for play and exercise before they must get ready for another performance.

It must not be forgotten, too, that however wise their parents may be, stage children receive an amount of praise and attention which is too heady for them. Their ego is over-developed. They acquire an abnormal sense of their own importance.

Take it all in all, little Peter Holden, child wonder that he is, is better off the stage for the next ten or fifteen years. The gift he has is big enough to grow and bring him back to Broadway when the time comes.

The next popular topic of conversation among theatre-goers is the settlement of the battle between the League of New York Theatres and our ticket brokers. As I write, the brokers are reluctantly closing what is optimistically called "an agreement of cooperation," and which the brokers plaintively explain demands all the cooperation from them. They are subdued and chastened. They have even agreed to pay a charge of three and a half cents on every ticket they sell, this money to pay the expense of policing the new code. They have also consented to a central telephone service that will enable play-goers to communicate directly with box offices. This, brokers persist, means a heavy loss to them. Both sides were weary of the long-fought fray. Now, as usual, both sides express the darkest doubts of the success of the compromise.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

BOYS TOWN. A unique sociological experiment forms the substantial background of this excellent film but theory is so stirringly reduced to the concrete terms of drama that it will have a strong appeal for casual moviegoers as well as the socially-minded. It is the story of Father Flanagan's home for boys, established near Omaha, Neb., twenty years ago and now grown into an incorporated town completely governed by its youthful citizens. Much fact has been woven gracefully into the plot and appears especially in methods used to reshape characters already inclined to delinquency and in the administration of the town's official business. The fiction which has been added is exciting and always appealing, though sometimes on a too sentimental basis. Into the ordered life of the fictional settlement comes an apparent incorrigible whose one ambition is to follow in his gangster-brother's footsteps. Doggedly resisting all of Father Flanagan's kindly overtures, he is painfully involved in a bank robbery engineered by his brother. Rescued by the priest and his boys, the trouble-maker eventually redeems his past to such an extent that he wins the coveted post of Mayor of the town. Norman Taurog's skilful direction is seen most notably in the seasoned performances given by the large company of juveniles, and Mickey Rooney again demonstrates the maturity of his talent in a splendid characterization. Spencer Tracy's Father Flanagan is sincerely and sympathetically conceived and a truly inspiring portrait. Henry Hull is effective in a lesser role in a production highly recommended to all. (MGM)

THE HIGGINS FAMILY. A new series of domestic comedies, designed as competition for the firmly established exploits of the Jones and Hardy families, is fairly well begun with this farce hinging on the extravagances of radio advertising. It has one considerable item in its favor, the appearance of the Gleason family, Jimmy, Lucille and son Russell, in the principal roles. They lend more plausibility to the picture than the plot alone could demand. Pa Higgins is several times on the verge of making his mark in the advertising business only to be defeated by the tactless radio broadcasts of his versatile wife. The crisis develops into divorce proceedings but the threatened separation is checked by a family emergency which clears the air of bickering. The solution of the film is provocative enough to invite a sequel. Directed by Gus Meins, the film aims for domestic realism but frequently mixes sharp satire with homely comic incidents. Lynn Roberts, Harry Davenport and William Bakewell are other fixtures in what should prove good family amusement. (Republic)

BREAKING THE ICE. In his latest vehicle Bobby Breen is the victim of a stern uncle and a creaking scenario. The story opens against the bleak background of a Mennonite household in Pennsylvania, where effective details compose an interesting atmospheric study, but the scene soon changes to the big city, where it loses all distinction and the production degenerates into a routine musical with a third-rate ice-skating interlude. Bobby tries to free his mother from the cruel domination of her righteous brother-in-law by singing at an ice rink and introduces several songs in his too characteristic style. Charlie Ruggles bolsters the script slightly, while Dolores Costello and Robert Barrat do their best in a mediocre film. (RKO)

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS. Appropriately titled, this picture tells you all you want to know and possibly more about the plot before the first reel is run off. The big college basketball game is won in a very rah-rah atmosphere. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

THE manner in which disheartening errors may throw deep shadows into human lives was demonstrated by dispatches. . . . A North Carolina resident endured weeks of shamefaced agony. This man in signing a WPA application blank put down only his last name, Mally. Stenographers transcribed the name for the records as Molly. Later, a clerk seeing the name Molly ordered the citizen to report on a sewing project. Through long, sad days, the citizen tried bravely to thread needles, acted as jockey on a sewing machine, the only man in a room filled with women. Authorities finally discovered Molly was Mally, rescued him from the sew-sew job. . . . Another slip caused severe headaches in New England. Radio listeners by the thousands planted cozily near their radios for an evening's entertainment suddenly heard a streak of profanity coming into their homes over the air waves from a Boston station. The station announcer thought the mike was dead, it was later explained. . . . Mysterious happenings were reported. Robbers in South Carolina blow-torched their way into a bank vault, took twenty-six bags of pennies away with them, did not take thousands of dollars in bills. Students of behaviorism said this action did not indicate a preference for pennies on the part of the robbers; it indicated the robbers had not seen the dollars, the students believed. . . . A burglar who steals only cats was reported from Massachusetts. This may signify something new in human behavior, some experts felt. Others thought it was only a symptom of the modern tendency to specialize in a limited field. . . . An attempt to ascertain just what constitutes cruelty to a wife was begun in the East. A wife contended in court that getting only four new dresses in eight years of married life came under the heading of cruelty. Manufacturers of women's dresses were interested in the trial. A favorable decision will force husbands to buy more dresses. . . .

Tragic occurrences darkened the week. . . . While leaning on his shovel, a WPA worker, fell, broke one wrist. . . . Five boys charged with burglary were each forced to imbibe a large dose of castor oil by a Pennsylvania chief of police. . . . In Michigan, a girl was kicked by a wooden horse on a merry-go-round. . . . In Chicago, a professional boxer complained his wife tore off his shirt, beat and kicked him. He asked for a divorce. . . . While Cleveland honeymooners were in a restaurant having a bite to eat, thieves stole all the wedding presents from their car. They will have to start life without wedding presents, friends said. . . . Instances of kindness were reported. . . . In Temple City, Cal., three kind-hearted thugs after robbing a citizen of his money and jewelry, drove him home in their car treating him to cigarettes on the way. . . . Manifesting thoughtfulness towards his feet a Vermont railway messenger retired after fifty years of foot work. He wore out a hundred pair of shoes during that period. The number of galoshes he used up is now being figured. . . . A new method of making hens tranquil and happy was discovered in Massachusetts. Hens who are depressed and melancholy become light-hearted and buoyant when equipped with green glasses, experiment showed. Scientists are now endeavoring to ascertain why green glasses make for fowl felicity. . . .

WPA workers in New England petitioned for Saturday off. After the hard work of the week they need two days to rest up, it was said. . . . The difficulty a convict experiences in readjusting himself to life outside prison walls was glimpsed in San Francisco. A prisoner was released from San Quentin. He walked a few blocks when he was held up by two gunmen. They took his pants and money. The prisoner felt unadjusted to civil life, reporters disclosed.

THE PARADER